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SICKLES AND HIS STORY

By General Daniel E. Sickles.

Gettysburg, Pa., June 30.—Has it been fifty years ago? I can scarcely realize it. Not longer ago than last year or the year before, it seems to me, we were locked in the great struggle here. The memory of it all comes back to me today. The country has changed little. Right out in front of the Rogers houses here my boys did some of the sharpest fighting before the final battle of the third day, and from where I sit on the porch I can look out on the spot of the near Brost's barn, where I was hit.

I thought that was the end of me. But, thank God, I lived. Thank God as one of the boys in gray said to me today, that a sufficient number of us have lived to come together here on this anniversary and clasp hands as brothers. I bear no ill will and am sure they do not. One man's life in a war like that didn't amount to much, and that I emerged from it unharmed was nothing in comparison with the fact that the nation emerged whole and the people of the two sections reunited.

I believe I am living right now the happiest days of my life. Probably an old man ought not to be traveling around in such heat, but I could not have missed this anniversary. And while I have been delighted to have the old fellows who fought under me come here and shake my hand today that is nothing to the joy of having the men I fought against and helped to whip, come here and insist on shaking my hand and receiving from them assurances of their good will.

Grizzled Veterans There. The war was necessary, no doubt. It is over, and I shall never witness such a struggle again. I look back upon it now with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure. But I think no one who was not a participant in the struggle could comprehend my feelings when a group of the old Confederates called on me this morning and insisted upon carrying me in their hands out to the monument yonder where we had our photos taken together.

That is the true spirit of this anniversary. My hand is tired tonight, my arm aches from the shaking it has received all day long from Confederates and Union men alike, but I wouldn't decline to meet one of them. They were boys then—lads of 18 and 19 years, who never failed me when I called upon them. These old fellows in gray who had to face them will give evidence of that. I wanted to be with them. I am glad to be here and I am glad that so many of them have been able to get here. A little while longer and we shall all have passed away. One of my old boys shook my hand tremblingly today.

"General," he said, "I shall never see you again. God bless you. We are meeting on the old field for the first time."

And I said to him: "Pray that we shall all gather together some time at the feet of the Almighty."

Fifty years ago. Where was I fifty years ago today—June 30, 1863? I remember it well. We were moving by forced marches northward to Gettysburg along the Emmitsburg road. Chancellorsville, the last big fight in which my corps had participated, had been left behind. We had three days of the hardest kind of fighting. The boys were tired out, though as it turned out they were still full of the fighting spirit.

I received orders from Hooker, as commander of the Third corps, to move northward at once. The president, he said, wanted us to advance as rapidly as possible in the general direction of Gettysburg. Lee, he declared, had crossed the Potomac and it was our task to follow him as rapidly as possible. The whole army was out on the move. My corps was in Virginia at the time. We crossed the river at Edwards Ferry late in June and began a series of forced marches after the fast-moving Lee army.

In Friendly Country. I don't think any of us had any idea of what was ahead at the time. But I don't believe our boys ever moved faster. We covered the ground at the rate of thirty and thirty-five miles a day. The north had been invaded—a crisis had arrived in the war and a victory for the Confederacy at that time might have produced consequences of the most far-reaching character. Among them, and what the Confederates counted most, I think, was recognition of their belligerency by the governments of Great Britain and France.

Lee's immediate objective point was Harrisburg. He expected to capture Harrisburg and Philadelphia. Beyond that I don't think he had any definite plans. But we fortunately got on his rear. The line of communication and forced him to fight at Gettysburg, with the results that history tells.

But I am talking now only about the 30th of June, fifty years ago. We marched all that day through a terrific country, which was seeing the first of the war, but through a country which for the first time in our experience was friendly.

All through the country the farmer folk turned out to welcome us and cheer us on. They took good care of the boys. They fed them and gave them drink. We were the deliverers. We were on our way to drive the enemy back into his own country and save the north from his devastation. "My orders were to hold the region around Emmitsburg, in view of the possible advance of the confederates at Fairfield, Cashtown and in that direction. All the army was moving in the general direction of Gettysburg. And so we marched all that day, keeping an eye out all the time for signs of the enemy, ready and on the alert for what might turn up. I suppose I pushed the boys pretty hard on that march. But it meant much to the army and to the nation to have every man available when the general movement was ordered against the invader.

"It was a day of preparation, the thirtieth of June, fifty years ago. Though neither side knew it at the time, the great scene shifter was arranging the stage for the great battle which was to be precipitated on the morrow. It was a day of toil and worry, a heart-rending day, for we did not know, none of us, what was

ahead. But I kept always in mind that line from Shakespeare which I have repeated here today to the men who have apologized for insisting upon shaking my hand.

"The labor we delight in physics pain," and it was that which keyed me up. Looking back upon it all now after fifty years, I wonder at the blindness which the gallant men on both sides plunged forward into that titanic struggle of Gettysburg.

By pushing my men to the utmost limit of their endurance I got my corps into Emmitsburg, ten miles from here, on the night of June 30. And there we halted in bivouac for the night. Camp fires blazed for a hundred miles around. Already there was to be heard the roar of guns and the rattle of musketry in the distance, where the skirmishes were at work. Troops were arriving constantly. Alarming reports came from every side. We took up our position outside Gettysburg and awaited the call for the morrow, which was to open the great and decisive battle of the war.

SPEEDING AUTO HITS

BUGGIES AND FLEES

Salt Lake, July 1.—With an unknown speed maniac at the wheel, an automobile wrecked two buggies in a mad dash down Main street and the two men and two women, occupants of the buggies, escaped serious harm as by miracle, at 11:45 o'clock last night. The first buggy, carrying J. H. Roberts and wife, of 1047 South Main street, was traveling north just below Tenth South street, when the auto going in the opposite direction met and crashed into it. Mr. Roberts gave the road, the street not being paved below Tenth South street, turning out into the muddy ruts, but the auto swerved wildly, catching a rear wheel of the buggy and wrecking it.

Half a mile farther south, the auto overtook the buggy of W. F. Vincent of 3527 South State street, and crashing into it from the rear, wrecked it. In both cases the occupants of the buggy were thrown out. Mr. Vincent suffering a bruise of one foot. Both women were badly frightened and bruised. So swift was the speed of the car that neither the appearance nor the number could be discerned by the buggy riders. Detective George Chase and Motorcycle Patrolman A. C. Husbands investigated the accident but could gain no clue to the identity of the driver or owner of the automobile.

An automobile belonging to Paul F. Keyser of 1104 First South street, stolen early last night, was found wrecked on Sixth East street, between Second and Third South streets, at 2 o'clock this morning by Motorcycle Patrolman A. C. Husbands. It is thought to have been the machine which collided with the buggies and to have been stolen and driven by joy riders.

How to Make Your Hair Beautiful

Ten Minutes' Home Treatment Works Wonders. Stops Hair Itching, Scalp and Dandruff, and Makes the Hair Soft, Brilliant, Lustrous and Fluffy.

Better than all the so-called "hair tonics" in the world is a simple old fashioned home recipe consisting of plain Bay Rum, Lavona (de composee), and a little Menthol Crystals. These three mixed at home in a few minutes, work wonders with any scalp. Try it just one night and see. Get from your druggist 2 oz. Lavona, 6 oz. Bay Rum and 1/2 dr. Menthol Crystals. Dissolve the Crystals in the Bay Rum and pour in an 8 oz. bottle. Then add the Lavona, shake well and let it stand for an hour before using.

Apply it by putting a little of the mixture on a soft cloth. Draw this cloth slowly through the hair, taking just one small strand at a time. This cleanses the hair and scalp of dirt, dust and excessive oil and makes the hair delightfully soft, lustrous and fluffy. To stop the hair from falling and to make it grow again rub the lotion briskly into the scalp with the finger tips or a medium stiff brush. Apply night and morning. A few days' use and you cannot find a single loose or straggling hair. They will be locked on your scalp as tight as a vise. Dandruff will disappear and itching cease. In ten days you will find fine downy new hair sprouting up all over your scalp and this new hair will grow with wonderful rapidity.

Any druggist can sell you the above. The prescription is very inexpensive and we know of nothing so effective and certain in its result.

25c to Ogden Canyon and return including free concert and free dance.

CARRIER BOY IS UNCONSCIOUS IN STREET

Vernon Swartzfager, age 15 years, the son of D. C. Swartzfager, 2156 Polk avenue, was stunned and seriously cut about the face and head at 6 o'clock this morning when his bicycle broke at Harrison avenue and Twenty-third street.

Lying in a pool of blood, the boy was found by William Taylor and George Parker who were on their way to the reservoir site in South Fork canyon. The two men brought the boy into the automobile and brought him to the police station where Dr. W. E. Whalen gave hurried treatment and ordered the boy removed to the Dees hospital. It was found that the youngster had a nasty cut on the left side of the face and a gashed nose, besides other bruises. For a time after his removal to the hospital he was semi-conscious but he recovered sufficiently in an hour to give details.

According to the boy, who delivers papers for the Standard, and a morning route when something became wrong with his bicycle and he was thrown to the sidewalk.

Free dance tonight at the Hermitage.

TREE TEA



CHOICEST
JAPAN TEA
IMPORTED BY
M. J. BRANDENSTEIN & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO
HALF POUND

SHOOTING IN NEVADA

Caliente, Nev., July 1.—William Robinson was instantly killed and Phillip Dubois and Joseph Meyers were fatally injured in a row which occurred in the Elks' saloon here at 2 o'clock Monday morning. The three men are said to have been shot by George Harper, aged 20, who is a pumpman. Dubois is 38 years of age, Meyers is 39 and Robinson was 28.

The trouble is said to have been precipitated by an argument relating to labor unions, and it is understood that Harper accused Robinson, Dubois and Meyers of being "scabs."

All four men are said to have been under the influence of liquor.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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for \$66

(11 Days)

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FISK WILL NOT QUIT

San Francisco, July 1.—Arthur G. Fisk has refused to resign as postmaster of this city. Postmaster General Burleson had requested that Fisk's resignation be forwarded immediately to "take effect as soon as a successor is appointed."

"I have the honor to accept receipt of your telegram requesting by resignation," was Postmaster Fisk's reply. "I beg to inform you that I was appointed postmaster by President Taft and was confirmed by the United States senate for a definite term of four years. My term of office will expire June 14, 1916. You make no charges against me and can with propriety and justice make none. My office has been conducted to the satisfaction of three presidents and has earned the commendation of six postmasters general. I see no reason why I should yield to your request. I, therefore, respectfully decline to tender my resignation."

MRS. EKMANN IS THOUGHT TO BE INSANE

Salt Lake, July 1.—The Ekman murder case yesterday began to turn upon an investigation of the sanity of Mrs. Ekman, who, after her arrest Saturday, confessed to murdering her daughter Frances. The police department has started a series of inquiries among the neighbors of the family and will today endeavor to secure opinions from other cities in which the woman has lived.

As a result of a conference yesterday between Sheriff Andrew Smith and members of the police department, several detectives were sent out to gather all possible circumstantial evidence of the murder. The object of the search is to fortify the department should the woman plead not guilty when arraigned, in which event the police would have very little to go excepting the woman's own confession, which, of course, might be largely nullified in the event of her changing her plea.

That C. L. Anderson, ex-husband of the woman and who was arrested with her, is not guilty of a murder committed a number of years ago in Hancock, Mich., was indicated by telegrams received yesterday from the chief of police of the Michigan town. Anderson is still being held by the local police and the Hancock official has advised the department that he will make a further examination of Anderson's record while there.

The murdered girl was buried yesterday, interment being in the City cemetery. While Mrs. Ekman had requested that she be allowed to attend the services, the police deemed such a step unwise.

"If I had some money I would buy a stone for her grave," said the mother yesterday, when she was told that her child was to be buried while she remained in jail. Then to a Tribune reporter she again recited the details of the killing in practically the same language she had used in her examination by Inspector Carlson Saturday night.

One listening to the woman could not fail to be impressed with the apparent primitiveness of her mind; could not fail to wonder if she did not belong properly to prehistoric time. She seemed as devoid of a sense of cruelty as of horror. She told her story more in the fashion of a child and her anguish seemed less acute than a child's would be.

When asked about the exception taken by the Ogden physicians who first examined the body, to the report of the physicians who conducted the post mortem here, both Dr. C. C. Snyder, county physician, and Dr. S. G. Paul, city health commissioner, were emphatic in their statements that they had no wish to reflect on the report made by the Ogden medical men.

Dr. Snyder said: "We found no evidence of violence such as would have been sufficient to cause death. Of course we found no evidence that chloroform or any other drug had been used to cause death, but we were inclined to think that some such agency had been employed, because we failed to find sufficient evidence to justify a conclusion that death had been due to violence. Our report was made after exhaustive examination and was not meant to reflect upon the findings of anyone who examined the body before we saw it."

In speaking of the exception taken by Drs. W. E. Whalen and A. A. Robinson of Ogden, Dr. S. G. Paul said: "We examined the body carefully. We did not find sufficient evidence of violence to convince us that such had been the cause of death. The alternative of death by use of some drug, the traces of which had been destroyed, perhaps by the embalming fluid, was but a logical conclusion, not a result of evidence found. There was no such evidence. We felt assured, however, that any violence that the girl had suffered had not been sufficient to cause death, and that the marks that the body bore might even have been made by the position and handling in the trunk. Our report was in accordance with our findings upon examining the body as we found it when we examined it, and were not intended in any way to reflect upon the opinions of anyone who had previously examined it."

Denies Murder Knowledge. The telegram received from the chief of police of Hancock, Mich., by the local department is as follows: "Records do not show Anderson committed murder in this county; think the name is confused with Charles Johnson, now dead. C. L. Anderson formerly lived here and was married fourteen years ago to Minnie Lakonen. May learn more later."

"WILLIAM RENTBACK," Chief of Police.
Mrs. Ekman denied yesterday after-

noon that she knew that Anderson had killed a man in Hancock. She said that he had had a fight with a man named Jack Conley and that Conley had died about two months afterward, but that she had understood that death had been from consumption.

During the recital of the killing she was as emotionless for the most part as a washerwoman giving an accurate account of how she had spilled a tub of suds. Only once did she break forth in tears and wails of grief. That was when she appeared to realize afresh that she would never see the child again. Throughout the woman's story there was nothing to show that she sensed the enormity of her crime.

She related how she had told the child that the only refuge for her was the orphan asylum; of how the child had said that she would rather die than leave her mother.

"I don't know how I did it," said the woman. "I just did it. There was nothing else to do."

There was no evidence of cunning in the attitude of the woman as she told her story. One was impressed with her sincerity. She said frankly that C. I. Anderson, arrested with her in Ogden after the body had been found in a trunk there, knew nothing of the killing. She betrayed no anxiety to be believed or fear that she might not be believed.

According to Mrs. Ekman's story, Anderson, while drunk, had enlisted as a soldier within a year after their marriage and had been forced to leave her. Later he had written to her and had asked her to join him in California. She did not do so because her first child was with relatives in Michigan, and she wanted to remain near it. Afterward she saw a newspaper account where a Charles Anderson, a Finn, had been killed in an explosion at sea. Anderson had talked of going to sea, and she believed that the man killed had been her husband. She says that she married Ekman in Duluth, O.

She reiterated her charges of neglect on the part of Ekman, declaring that he had frequently beat her; that he had finally sneaked away from home and gone to Wyoming; that she had found out where he had gone from persons for whom he had worked here. She told of having appealed to the pauper clerk of the county and of having been advised to place her child in the orphan home.

Eleven people attended the funeral services of the girl at the Larkin-Hull chapel, including Bishop F. B. Platt, who officiated; Police Inspector Carl A. Carlson, Matron Zillah Clifford and neighbors of the Ekman. At the City cemetery, where interment takes place, twelve little girls who had heard of the coming burial, waited with flowers, which were laid on the grave after it had been rounded up with earth.

The funeral expenses of the girl, amounting to \$75, will be paid out of \$150 insurance, kept up on the child by Charles I. Anderson, had talked of going to sea, and she believed that the man killed had been her husband. She says that she married Ekman in Duluth, O.

MINISTER'S DAUGHTER
Ironwood, Mich., June 30.—Minnie Ekman came here from Finland when a child. She was first married to Charles I. Anderson, who deserted her about thirteen years ago. She then lived with Williams. She left here for the west four years ago.

Mrs. Ekman's father was pastor of the Finnish Lutheran church here and died four months ago. Her mother, two brothers and one sister are living here. She has a daughter 13 years old living with her mother here.

Records do not show Anderson committed murder in this county; think the name is confused with Charles Johnson, now dead. C. L. Anderson formerly lived here and was married fourteen years ago to Minnie Lakonen. May learn more later.

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